

THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 388.

A WORD OR TWO ON QUITTING, FOR THE PRESENT, THE SUBJECT OF BONAPARTE.

If an Editor in general has to encounter a variety of discordant opinions among his readers, it will easily be supposed that it could not subside into any very extravagant harmony on the subject of such a man as BONAPARTE. The *Examiner*, it is true, has excited perhaps less difference of this kind in general, than most papers; for it set out with appealing to a class of society, who felt the want of a little reasonableness and impartiality in journals, and who were prepared accordingly to look somewhat sceptically into all sorts of extremes. Its habitual readers therefore, generally speaking, have been in great harmony with it from first to last; and we state the fact with the more pride and mutual pleasure, inasmuch as they know how opposed we have been to BONAPARTE in general, as well as to the Sovereigns among whom he took his station, and can only approve of our comparative leaning towards him in adversity, upon a principle which, we think, does honour to them as generous enemies and as Englishmen.

However, we could not but expect our differences on such an occasion as the late universal subject; and we have had them in every way, in doubt, in disagreement, and we may even say, in over agreement. One person has evidently thought our opinion of BONAPARTE much higher than it is, and has expressed his great satisfaction accordingly; another has thought it a great deal too high, and expressed his dissatisfaction; a third thinks we did not go far enough in our allowances, and falls to abusing the Allies and wondering at our want of charity; while a fourth, who has thought proper, it seems, to fasten his credit for good taste upon ours, and at the same time to become annoyed with us whenever his own knowledge will not bear him out in our defence, requests, as a matter of favour done to ourselves, that we will alter an opinion or so, or at least furnish him with a few more arguments in its vindication.

All these are only so many temptations to eternal repetition, which we have latterly felt ourselves bound to resist. We have good reasons for knowing, that our old readers are very generally with us; and such of the new ones as require explanation, we must refer to our former pages.—As to the party writers, with whom we are in the habit of differing, the coolest of them are too great knaves, the warmest too impatient egotists, and all of them too weak and timid in the midst of their pretensions, to consider any great question dispassionately, or to venture with a challenger into the depths of it. We have never expected from them, in return for our arguments, any thing but vague and paltry insinuations; and indeed have always

looked for their tacit acknowledgment of the strength of what we advanced in an additional mustering up of their impudence and a sulky repetition of general abuse. They rage on their side of the road, and grin, and keep up an incessant barking, and fall into a double fury if you do but give a passing mock at them; but they always contrive to keep at a safe distance, and then retire with a growl which they ingeniously mistake for disdain.

There is one journalist however, with whom we have not been so much accustomed to differ as with these animals, at least not in the mere letter of politics, setting the spirit aside,—and who has nevertheless, to the great surprise of those who know the extent of his courage, and have also seen us rather agreeing with him than otherwise respecting the treatment of NAPOLEON, undertaken to make a singular charge against the Editor of this paper. This is no other than Mr. COBBETT, with whom the public are not so well acquainted as they used to be formerly, and who, on that account perhaps, wants an advertisement for his *Register*. He shall have one. We thought indeed to have said no more of him, since the conduct which so much excited the public distaste as well as ours; and can truly say, that we have abstained from so doing, in consideration for his own feelings, as well as a preference of more agreeable subjects; but it is not our fault if he will provoke observation; and we give him his advertisement accordingly. Speaking of the Editor of this paper by name, he says that his “notes appear to have become more dulcet since his dwelling in the Attorney-General’s cage;” and that “in a Sonnet, lately honoured with a place in the *Courier*, represents England as the fair seat of liberty, and as having such a charm in the very nature of her soil, that even the slave, the moment he sets his foot on it, becomes free.”

Now people have wondered what could induce him to turn round suddenly upon us in this manner, especially when the legal fact, which is here alluded to as panegyricized in the language of poetry, has, in reality, nothing to do with the question of NAPOLEON’S treatment, upon which subject, as we have just observed, we rather thought like himself. The mystery however is very clear to us,—much clearer perhaps than to Mr. COBBETT, who, as we shall presently have occasion to shew, is not remarkable for self-knowledge. The fact is, that he has been galled exceedingly of late at the downfall of NAPOLEON, and finding that we who agreed most with him respecting the treatment of that great Soldier, did not go so far as he in our admiration of his qualities, felt his old grudges against us come in contact with the soreness of a disagreement on this tender point, and vented his impatience accordingly. But what is the blow which he is to aim at the Editor? He bethinks himself what will be most cutting to the feelings of the particular individual, and with the unlucky malignity of those who deserve the accusations they bring, selects the very falsest charge he can find. The sullen and impolitic propensity in some persons to revenge themselves, not upon the faults, but upon the actual merit

such as they may be, of their antagonists, has been already noticed by a writer in this paper, and is exceedingly curious. You may know the merits in question by the very converse which they advance. They will talk of a work, for instance, whose particular character is vivacity, and for that very reason, pronounce it with determined faces to be dull. And this is more particularly the case, where the objectors are remarkable for the deficiencies which they impute, and would willingly bully their own consciences out of a sense of them. What a charge, for example, is this to come from Mr. COBBETT,—from him, who whined so piteously when he went to prison, who would have made a compromise with Government to avoid it, who kept such a remarkable silence during his confinement, on subjects likely to bring him into trouble,—the Duke of York's business for instance,—and who in fact injured the reputation of the press and of the cause of Reform by his gross pusillanimity, and, what he considers no doubt as a much greater disaster, lost his readers into the bargain. Did the Editor of this paper so whine,—did he so offer to make a compromise,—did he keep the same kind of silence, and help to bring the press into disrepute? No: Mr. COBBETT knows as well as any man that he did the very reverse, and that the charge now brought against him is as much a nonentity as the courage or the consistency of him who brings it.

It is really pleasant to see the amazing self-ignorance of this person. We remember he once brought an accusation of bad grammar against some persons, who had drawn up a paper in favour of Mr. SHERIDAN, and in this very accusation was bad grammar of his own. The other day there was an article in the *Register*, not from a correspondent, in which the late lamented Mr. WHITBREAD was charged with never having done any thing but from motives of vanity; and in this same *Register* was Mr. COBBETT, as before a looking-glass, doating on himself in a new suit of clothes which had been sent him from America, and telling his readers, like the late quack HUNTINGTON with his miraculous galligaskins, how surprisingly they fitted him. Now we find him bringing charges of timidity: and before long, we suppose, he will be crying out against Reformers who were formerly Government Alarmists, and flatterers of America who used to be her grossest abusers.

All this, we should think, must be very disgusting to others as well as ourselves, and help to diminish the number of those readers that remain to him. If by his charge against us, Mr. COBBETT means to say, that we have never written a second time what has got us into prison, he is right; we have been in the battle once, we behaved ourselves as became us, and have not felt ourselves called upon to re-open our wounds; but if he means to say, that we have given way to a paltry timidity, in consequence, that we have not even been repeatedly held (to use the common phrase), or that we ever acted as he did himself in this respect, either he knows nothing of the journal which he accuses, and therefore ought not to have accused it at all, or to repeat what we believe to be the fact, has selected the charge he makes on the very strength of its falshood. We hasten to get rid of this subject. We say nothing of his omitting to notice the little introduction which was prefixed in the *Examiner* to what he calls a "Sonnet," and

which the sly rogue, the *Courier*, chose to omit also; still less shall we dwell upon the great difference there was between himself and the person he accuses of timidity in the state of their respective healths and possessions, as well as in the mode of their conduct. It is no flattery to us to feel ourselves standing in the same page with him on any occasion, as our enemies have very well guessed. He is an excellent politician in matters of detail and economy,—a much better one than ourselves; but in any thing else, we cannot consent to the smallest comparison, with one, who can see no fault in BONAPARTE but his taking rank with princes, and has not spirit enough to speak well of his country's merits because he differs with it's immediate government. In a word, the reader must not suppose, that in all which we have said in our own vindication, we think it the smallest credit to be more liberal than a clown, or more valiant than a bully.

(From the London Daily Papers.)

BONAPARTE BEFORE AND AFTER HIS EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE NORTHUMBERLAND.—(From the *Courier*.)

On Monday morning (Aug. 7) Lord Keith, Sir George Cockburn, and others, went on board the *Bellerophon* to acquaint Bonaparte with his intended removal to the Northumberland, and conveyance in that ship to St. Helena. He appeared very uneasy at the communication, and, after a long expostulation, sternly refused to go; but, on Lord Keith's observing that such was the order of his Government, and that he hoped he should not be under the necessity of resorting to coercive measures, Bonaparte replied, "Oh no, no! You command! I must obey! You may take me, but, recollect, I do not go with my own free will." He then formally protested in writing against the act before witnesses. He asked numerous inquisitorial questions of Lord Keith, which his Lordship very properly declined answering. As soon as his baggage had been removed from one ship to the other, the parting scene commenced, which was truly affecting. All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer (six feet two inches high), who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees—wrote an interesting letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted. Previous to the moment of separation, Bonaparte gave some of his officers left behind a certificate to the following effect, which had been first drawn up, at the general request, by General Gergaud, and then altered by Bonaparte himself, and signed—

"Circumstances prevent my retaining you any longer near me. You have served me with zeal. I have always been satisfied with you. Your conduct on this last occasion deserves my praise, and confirms me in what I had reason to expect from you.—On board the Northumberland, 7th August, 1815. NAPOLEON."

The words in Italics were substituted by Bonaparte for—"In my prosperity you have served me with zeal, and by accompanying me in my adversity you have confirmed the good opinion I had of you. Receive my thanks."

Before the Northumberland sailed, a yacht, or large boat, with several gentlemen of the Pay-office, had arrived to pay the ship, who availing themselves of the opportunity presented by the folding doors of the cabin being open, beheld to their surprise, Bonaparte playing at *vingt-un* with his companions, as cheerfully as if nothing unpleasant had happened! When Sir G. Cockburn saw Bonaparte, for the first time, he simply pulled off his hat, in the same manner as he would have done to another General, and said, "How do you do, General Bonaparte?" which was returned by him in a manner equally laconic, but

with his head uncovered. Every thing was so well conducted in this removal, that the greatest order prevailed, and so little was it known at Torbay, off which place it occurred, that very few boats were present to witness it. The Northumberland has part of the military on board, and is full of stores and baggage. The cabin is neatly fitted up, and the after part divided in the centre, for sleeping, one side of which is occupied by Bonaparte, and the other by Sir George Cockburn.—Liberty having been afforded to Bonaparte and his companions to procure from England any articles of luxury or accommodation they may desire, they have sent frequently ashore, and have purchased a billiard-table, wines of the most costly description, an immense quantity of playing cards, chessmen, &c. and the best books procurable in the English language, the Ex-Emperor having suddenly grown exceedingly fond of that language! Bonaparte solicited Mr. O'Meara, surgeon of the Bellerophon, to attend him in the same capacity, which Lord Keith has consented to, and an exchange between the surgeons of the Bellerophon and Northumberland was in consequence speedily effected. Bonaparte endeavoured to make Mr. O'Meara forget his duty, even at the commencement, by proffering him a salary of 500*l.* per annum, but this gentleman rejected the overture, and said that the pay of his King was enough to satisfy him! When the person who wanted to serve a subpoena called at Admiral Lord Keith's office, his Lordship was represented to be afloat, on which he immediately hired a boat and proceeded to the Sound. As the boat approached the Tonnant, on the starboard side, his Lordship went down the larboard side, and steered for Cawsand, leaving orders, that if any person in plain clothes enquired for him, he should be informed that he had quitted the ship. The stranger shortly afterwards made his appearance on the starboard side, anxious to see his Lordship. Captain Brenton directly stepped forward, and supposing the emissary to be a foreigner, addressed him in French, which he seemed to feel hurt at, declaring that he was not a Frenchman, and that he had important business to transact with Lord Keith. On being informed that his Lordship was not on board, he departed in a state of extreme chagrin and disappointment.

BONAPARTE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—BY M. ST. DIDIER, ATTACHED TO HIS CABINET.—(From the Courier.)

It was on the 20th of June, at nine at night, that the fugitive from Waterloo arrived at Paris. He first saw Madame de St. Leu (Louis Bonaparte's wife), then Maret and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely. The following are the details of this interview. M. St. Didier was present.—The night was far advanced. Maret sat in a corner of the room, with an alarmed countenance;—Regnault stood before a table, making pencil marks on a piece of paper before him.

Bonaparte.—(walked up and down, biting his nails and taking snuff. He stopped all at once.)—Where is the Bulletin?

Regnault.—There it is, corrected.

Bonaparte.—Let us see. (Regnault began reading it.)

Bonaparte.—(During two thirds of it)—It was gained. When Regnault had finished, he said with a sigh—It is lost!

Bonaparte.—It is lost, and—my glory with it.

Regnault.—You have fifty victories to oppose to one defeat.

Maret.—This defeat is decisive; the Emperor is in the right.

Bonaparte.—They are not accustomed to conquer. They will abuse the victory.

Maret.—Those whose cowardice Wellington's bravery has made triumphant, are more dangerous and more your enemies than the English and Prussians.

Regnault.—The republicans will grieve; but they will try to profit by the circumstance.

Bonaparte.—They will do well; at least the glory and liberty of the country will remain untouched. If the Royalists succeed, it will be by the support of foreigners.

Maret.—The courage of the Royalists is in the head of Wellington, and the arm of Blucher.

Regnault.—What most presses is, to stop Blucher and Wellington.

Maret.—How? The army exists no more, and the frontier is uncovered.

Regnault.—The frontier is uncovered, but the army exists; it requires only being rallied.

Bonaparte.—It will rally itself; we must re-organise and repair its losses.

Maret.—Are you sure of Soult and Grouchy?

Bonaparte.—Grouchy is an honest man, but feeble. Soult has given pledges.

Regnault.—The army will re-organise itself, but the corps are incomplete.

Bonaparte.—Assemble the Ministers—I will have the Chambers know all to-night.

Maret.—Parties will be agitating.

Regnault.—The parties, agitated a long time, will know each other, measure their strength and make efforts.

Bonaparte.—So much the better.—The masks will fall off. For the public I mean: as for me, a long time has ———. Summon the Ministers. We will make a report—tell the truth. If all patriotism and honour are not dead, the Chambers will not refuse men and money.

Maret.—They will speak of sparing water and engines when the house is on fire.

Regnault.—They have stupidly reproached Dictatorship: it is now that it will save all.

Bonaparte.—I have recommenced a constitutional monarchy—convoke the Ministers.

Maret.—No Dictatorship. But also no indignities. If we are attacked, we will defend ourselves.

Bonaparte.—Ah! my Old Guard! will they defend themselves like thee?

They separated—Maret remained with the Emperor, who, in spite of his fatigue, received several visits, at which I was not present. From my window, I saw among the carriages those of Cambaceres, Decres, Caulaincourt, and the two Carnots.

An Imperial Committee was assembled in the Elisee Palace on the night of the 21st of June. This Committee consisted of, 1st, The Ministers having Departments. 2d, Ministers of State. 3d, A Deputation formed by the President and four Members of the Chamber of Peers. 4, A Deputation formed by the Chamber of Representatives, and consisting of the President and four Vice Presidents. 5, A certain number of Counsellors of State. 6, The Chiefs of the Civil and Military Authorities of Paris. 7, Several Peers and Representatives added to the Committee by the Emperor. 8, Some citizens also summoned by the Emperor. A secretary announced the arrival of the Emperor. The persons present received him standing. He bowed and placed himself in a chair in the front of the assembly. The Members of the Committee then sat down without being desired, and when silence was resumed Napoleon made a speech. At first he appeared much moved; he was pale, and his left hand, which he had extended on a table, appeared agitated with convulsive movements. He gradually recovered himself and spoke with calmness. This painful situation, the consequence of a disastrous event, interested the assembly, produced a feeling which caused the adjournment of more than one project, and gave a turn to the deliberations which was not expected. The Emperor confirmed the statements of the bulletin. He spoke of French valour with admiration; of the prudent bravery of the enemy with sincerity. He pronounced on Lord Wellington a merited, but in his mouth, a remarkable eulogium, and nobly acknowledged his own faults. This conduct, which had the effect of address, but which I am inclined to believe proceeded from candour, disposed in his favour auditors who had come badly prepossessed against him.

Monsieur R.—The glory of France is in the army. Her honour requires that our losses should be repaired. Her liberty, her independence, exists in the force of our defenders. The safety of the country depends upon their number, their discipline, and their exploits. A great reverse is to great minds only a useful admonition. Let us turn to the triumph of principles, a loss which at first seems to compromise them: if victory have ceased to crown our standards, are there not other palms than those which are moistened with blood? The olive of peace may again flourish on our menaced frontier; but to make it bear durable fruit it must be planted by heroic hands. The army already rallies; but our astonished eagle bewails the absence of her defenders, and calls upon us to fill up the glorious intervals which unheard of sacrifices have made in our ranks. Will you refuse to recruit that heroic army with heroes? By augmenting its corps, or at least completing them with devoted men, you will second the public enthusiasm, you will crown the national wish. Far from us, however, be the desire of revenge. We have in view no other conquest than that of peace, but to avoid begging it on our knees the number of our troops must correspond with their courage. A vanquished nation, but which will not be subdued, ought never to offer the calmet of peace except when it is supported on the club of battles. I conclude by moving that the Chambers make an appeal to French valour, while the Emperor shall treat for peace with confidence and dignity.

General I. F. formally opposed this measure. There is only one, said he, which can save the country, and if the Emperor's Ministers do not counsel him to adopt it, his great soul will reveal it to him.

Numerous murmurs and plaudits followed this observation. Napoleon cast down his eyes, then raised them rapidly, and smiled with disdain.

M. de F.—After having urged new arguments in support of *Count R.*'s propositions, recommended the opening a patriotic loan, in order to repair the materiel of the army and defray the expenses of a new levy.

M. Fl. shewed that in the present circumstances this measure, which might appear an expedient, would prove an obstacle.

The Duke of B. endeavoured to prove that recruiting and raising money were proceedings not only unnecessary, but which would be injurious without preliminary measures.

Count G. objected to the measure which had been proposed, and proved its inutility and danger. Rejecting all personalities, he wished that instead of irritating men's minds, they should be assuaged by frank and honourable proceedings.

This speech was well received, but its generalities appeared out of place when the existing evil required practical remedies.

Prince C. proposed to ask for peace on the most conciliatory and honourable conditions.

Count T. alleged that no peace was to be hoped for from an enemy who required two inadmissible conditions; the exclusion of Bonaparte, and the restoration of the Bourbons.

General Count D. spoke to the same effect.

General Count B. added some developments of the same opinion.

M. M. C. and S. D. spoke loudly for war. Lay open the frontier, said one of them! Let these iron barriers which guard it fall, and let the army fall back on the rocks of Laon, or even on the walls of Paris, if it must be so. Then wrapping your eagles in crepe, you will call to their defence every man who has a heart, an arm, and a weapon. The enemy, like a torrent, will inundate our sacred territory, but it will be fatal to them; and placed between our concentrated phalanxes and insurgent citizens, he will regret a victory which will be to him a defeat.

M. R. and M. B. favoured their martial ideas. The latter in a periphrasis which could only be misunderstood by those who had no ears, hinted the necessity of changing the form of the Government. He observed that since the object was to defend the rights of the nation, and to save its liberty, it was necessary

that its liberty should not be a chimera, and its rights empty names.

This speech, which tended to the restoration of the Republic, was favourably listened to by a certain number, and strongly disapproved by others. The Emperor grinned scornfully several times during its delivery, and towards its conclusion, he made a sign to the Minister *C.* and Prince *Lucien* to come to him, and conversed with them for some time with great warmth in a low tone of voice.

M. M. C. already known and approved for the dexterity with which he manages a speech, and influences the minds of his hearers, tried to dissuade from all exaggerated measures, and to reconcile the different parties to a middle course. This, which decided nothing, gave to each time for preparing new batteries, or dismounting those of his adversary, and consequently was convenient enough to all.

It was then decided—1st. That the Chambers should be requested to treat through an embassy of their own choice with the Allied Sovereigns. [There was a violent discussion on the word *all*, which *M. M.* and *M. M.* proposed to insert before the word *Sovereigns*.]—2. That the Ministers should present the plan of a law for a levy of men and money. On the breaking up of the meeting no one seemed satisfied.

M. de S. D. said aloud, and in a manner to be heard by the Emperor, that *M. de la F.* had laid his finger on the wound. I admire Napoleon, but in order that all France and posterity think as I do, one great action is yet wanting. Is there no one sufficiently a friend to our happiness and his glory, to point out to them the means of farther increasing it? *General S.* picked up these last words, and soon made the noblest use of them.

The following is Bonaparte's certificate, on leaving the School of Brienne:—

“*M. de Bonaparte* (Napoleon) born the 15th of August, 1769, four feet eleven inches, has completed his four years Constitution—excellent health; Character—submissive, mild, polite, and obliging; Conduct—extremely regular—has always distinguished himself by his application to the mathematics. He knows his history and geography very tolerably; is very deficient in the polite exercises; will make an excellent seaman; worthy to enter the Military School of Paris.”

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE PRESS.—REPORT TO THE KING.

SIRE.—Your Majesty, by your Ordinance of the 2d of this month, took off all the restrictions which the law of the 21st October, 1814, had placed on the liberty of the press; but in all times, perhaps, it is impossible to give the same extent of liberty to the publication of journals and periodical works; and in the existing state of France and of Europe, in the midst of so many passions which the powers wish to tranquillize, the journals which foster those passions and excite them ought to be submitted to another Legislation.—The operations of those writings in effect is much more rapid; they come in an instant to thousands of readers. A whole people read them gratuitously in the public places; and as their number is limited, they cannot offer the remedy which is found in the mass of literary productions, where the liberty of the press serves to correct itself. These same writings containing news, advertisements, complaints, articles which their Editors receive from all quarters, are like an open arena for all the passions: even cupidity finds its advantage in giving to them the exclusive colour of such or such a party. Every day they embroil us with the foreigners, and rekindle distrust; they disconcert the generous efforts which your Majesty is making to unite minds, and to close the wounds of the State. I propose to your Majesty to submit all the periodical writings to the superintendance of a Commission of enlightened and moderate men, who, in receiving their nomination from your Majesty, will acquire independence and consideration. I have the honour to present to your Majesty an Ordinance on this subject.

Paris, Aug. 8, 1815.

Duke of OTRANTO.

ORDINANCE OF THE KING.

Louis, by the Grace of God, &c. &c. To all to whom these presents come, greeting:—

Having heard our Ministers, and on the report of our Minister of General Police, we have ordered as follows:—

Art. 1. All authorisations given to public journals, up to the present moment, whatever the nature of these journals may be, are revoked; and none of the said journals can appear without receiving fresh authority from our Minister General of Police, before the 10th of this present month of August, for the journals of Paris; and before the 20th of August for those of the departments.

2. All periodical writings shall be submitted to the examination of a commission, whose members shall be appointed by us on the presentation of our Minister of General Police.

Our Minister of General Police is charged with the execution of this Ordinance.

Given at the Thuilleries, Aug. 8, 1815.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

(Countersigned)

Duke of OTRANTO.

ROYAL ORDINANCE.

Louis, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—

Considering that it is urgent to organise a new army, while that which existed shall be, according to our Ordinance of the 23d of March, disbanded: Considering also that the new organization ought to rest on bases which may secure to France its independence without, and its tranquillity within; that as much as it has been endeavoured to detach the army from the interests of the country, in order to make it the mere instrument of a personal and inordinate ambition, so much it is fitting for the public order to maintain that which is about to be formed in the principles which constitute a truly national army: wishing for these purposes to form a military force, and to put it henceforth in harmony with the liberal dispositions of our Constitutional Charter, by establishing in the army a discipline sufficiently strong to guarantee success in war, and to maintain our institutions invariably, if new factions should again threaten to trouble the state, we have ordained and do ordain as follows:—

1. The active military force of France shall consist of 86 legions of infantry, of three battalions each; eight regiments of foot-artillery; four regiments of horse-artillery; a regiment of royal carabineers; six regiments of cuirassiers; ten regiments of dragoons, and twenty-four regiments of chasseurs, and six regiments of hussars.

2. There shall be formed a royal corps of engineers, to be in proportion with the general organisation of other arms.

3. Our War Secretary shall present to us as soon as possible, the detailed organisation of the different corps.

Given at Paris, the 16th day of July.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

(Countersigned)

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr.

PARIS, AUG. 9.—The Chamber of Correctional Police this day sentenced a man named Paque to two months imprisonment, for having exclaimed "*Vive le Empereur!*" His punishment was mitigated, on the ground of his having been intoxicated when he committed the offence.

All the furniture of the Chateau of Morfontaine, which belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, has been sold by an order of the Allied Authorities.

Marshal Ney was discovered in the canton of Figeac in the department of Lot, on the borders of the department of Cantal. He has been arrested and conducted to Aurillac. This important arrest is owing to the vigilant care of M. Locard, Prefect of Cantal, and of the Sub-prefect of Aurillac. The Captain of Gendarmerie executed the orders of the Prefect of Cantal with much zeal and activity.—The following are some curious details of what preceded the arrest of Ney, received in a letter from Riou, dated the 9th:—Marshal Ney had retired in great secrecy to a country-house of one of his friends near Aurillac. His presence did not prevent the house from receiving visitants. An individual of the town, who had come to dinner, had occasion to remark a sabre, which fixed his attention as an object of value and curiosity. On his return to the town, he spoke of it as an admirable one to several persons, one of whom said, "This sabre can only belong either to

Murat or Ney: none but they are possessed of such." On this hint, which came to the knowledge of the Sub-Prefect, the Marshal was arrested.

Marshal Brune, after quitting Toulon, travelled with passports from M. de Riviere: he was recognised by the people at Avignon: immediately a popular movement burst forth: M. Brune got out of his coach and took refuge in an inn. The Prefect, who had already seen him, and had advised him to pursue his journey without delay, ran to him: he, for four hours and a half, at the peril of his own life, defended that of M. Brune: his speeches and his efforts were not able to arrest the popular rage: there was no armed force in the city. At last, at the moment when the Marshal thought it certain that the door of his asylum would be broke open, he killed himself with a pistol. The Prefect of Vaucluse has been ordered to prosecute the authors of the sedition.

AUG. 12.—By an order of his Excellency the Minister of General Police, the *Gazette de France* has been suspended, for having inserted yesterday an article in which it is proposed to make the persons who accepted the additional Act of Bonaparte bear the principal expense of the war. This article, which is of a nature to alarm a great number of individuals, and to sow the seeds of division, is equally contrary to the principles of the constitutional charter, and to the known principles of the King.—(It does not appear that the *Gazette de France* has been suppressed; but that paper of the 12th contains the following paragraph, which may be considered as its apology:—) "For some days past there have been circulated small printed notes, in which it is insinuated that there would be policy, reason, and justice, in making particular classes of the nation bear the greater part of the war contributions that we have to pay. The authors of these writings are ill acquainted with the dispositions of the Government. All the intentions of the King are thoughts of moderation, indulgence, and oblivion. Every system of recrimination, and of revisiting the past, is and always will be rejected by a Prince who only thinks of preserving us from the dangers of civil discord."

Great tranquillity at present reigns in the capital. We no longer hear those seditious cries which justly alarmed good citizens, and the disaffected are restrained by a prudent but active and watchful police, which is felt every where without being seen.

The different regiments which composed the army of the Loire proceed with much order and obedience to the cantonments assigned to them. There will remain on the banks of the Allier and Loire only a few regiments of cavalry to cause the line of demarkation to be observed.

In a Proclamation of Marshal Macdonald to the army of the Loire, dated Bourges, August 2, he expresses his pleasure at being again among his old companions, and tells them that the calamities and burthens brought on the country can only be alleviated by discipline and subordination, and a frank and loyal submission to the King.

AUG. 14.—The Prince of Echmuhl, whose arrival at Paris the journals prematurely announced, is really now here, but only since yesterday morning.

Orders have been given for transferring Marshal Ney to Paris. It is presumed that he will arrive in four or five days, and that his trial will immediately commence.

It has been reported that Joseph Bonaparte was discovered and arrested in Paris. A journal added, that he was guarded by two gens d'armes. The following is another account, which we also give, without pledging ourselves for its accuracy. A letter from Gex, dated Aug. 7, contains the following passage:—"Joseph Bonaparte, who arrived secretly some days ago in the Pays de Vaud, was arrested on the night of the 3d inst. at the Chateau d'Allmand, near Rolles.—The order had been sent from Berne, and it was Col. Brandlin, at the head of a company

of the St. Gall Carabineers, who executed it. Joseph had gone out at a private door trying to escape, but perceiving the chateau surrounded, he returned into the house to conceal himself. A soldier groping with his bayonet in the dark, wounded the fugitive, who had squatted down in a corner, in the hand. Joseph lost a considerable quantity of blood by this accident, which caused him to faint. He is closely guarded in the chateau. The Colonel waits for further orders to dispose of him.

Accounts from Rouen state, that the disaffected in the capital are spreading the most absurd and alarming news.

The garrison of Laon is on its march to join the army of the Loire.

Boyer Fonsfrade, brother of the Ex-Conventionalist, has been arrested at Poulouze, as one of the Chief of the Federates of that city. His son is a prisoner at Narbonne.

GENERAL LABEDOYERE.

The following is the article which occasioned the suppression of the Paris paper called the *Independent*:

The arrest of M. Labedoyere is described as an event which must be followed by his immediate trial and even his condemnation.—Some Journals, regardless of the situation in which a man suspected, accused and imprisoned, is placed, seem to wish to outrun the march of justice, and to communicate their hostile passions to men who are bound to be the unalterable organs of the law. It may therefore be allowable to make, on the delicate and important question whence the charge at issue originates, some impartial observations connected with the public welfare, and the political interests of the King, the nation, and the Allied Powers.—*First Observation.*—However great may appear, or really be the crime attributed to M. Labedoyere, namely, the having abandoned his legitimate King to wring himself under the colours of an usurper, that crime became within eight days common to all the civil and military authorities, who from necessity, seduction, or persuasion, followed the same course. A great part of the nation and the army consecrated by assent the unforeseen revolution which took place, and the result of which only a small number of wise and clear-sighted men calculated with precision. According to Grocius, when the number of criminals is infinite, a full and entire amnesty becomes legitimate and necessary, and clemency is inspired by justice. It is not in a moral point of view, which never permits us to tolerate the violation of principles and the infraction of duties, but under a political point of view, when a man has millions for his accomplices, that a justification exists.—*Second Observation.*—The old and faithful servants of the King can perceive in the act of Colonel Labedoyere, who joined Napoleon with his regiment, only a criminal rebellion, unworthy of pardon, a treason long meditated and prepared against the Sovereign and the country. But let them imagine themselves for a moment in the situation of the accused. Still young, he had never served except under the colours of Napoleon. He had known Louis XVIII. only ten months. This first Sovereign, whose application appeared to him only a sacrifice dictated by necessity, reappeared suddenly before him. A habit contracted during fifteen years of considering the Emperor, whom all the Monarchs of Europe had acknowledged, as his legitimate chief, resumed all its force. It awakened affections which had been but ill extinguished. The illusion of the military glory—of the former power of the Prince, rendered in the eyes of some of his partisans greater by his misfortunes and exile, acted on an ardent and elevated imagination, which easily fancies the dictates of duty to be obeyed, even at the very moment in which the most sacred of duties are trampled on. It must be confessed, that the multiplied vicissitudes of our revolutions, and frequent changes of government, have shaken, and have sometimes had the effect during these 25 years, of rendering doubtful in France the notions of morality on the legitimacy of Princes and the fidelity of subjects. Led away by false ideas, M. Labedoyere disturbed a possession of eleven months to respect a prior possession which had existed for fifteen years. Prejudices, opinions, and habits, ideas well or ill-founded, which have been received, and which time has strengthened, are not changed in a day. Doubtless M. Labedoyere is inexcusable for having taken and then violated his oath of obedience. That is his real crime; but that crime, we repeat, has been generally committed. The first example of its breach was set given by M. Labedoyere, for Napoleon had already advanced 150 miles on the French territory before he arrived at the camp of the regiment, commanded by M. Labedoyere.—*Third Observation.*—The

King's Ordinances direct, that the lists of the persons accused of conspiracy and treason shall be previously submitted to the two Chambers, not to try them (for Representative and Legislative Chambers cannot exercise judicial functions), but to refer to the Tribunals such of the individuals inscribed on these lists, as it may appear to be the duty of the nation specially to accuse."

TRIAL OF GENERAL LABEDOYERE.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The Trial of General Labedoyere took place on Wednesday.—It appears that on the landing of Bonaparte, he was ordered with his regiment, by General Devilliers, from Chambray to Grenoble, where the troops were assembled to stop the progress of Bonaparte. He was placed in bivouac on the ramparts, where he incited his soldiers to revolt, and led them out to join the invader. He had scarcely left the town, when he drew his sword, and cried out, "Vive l'Empereur."—He then broke open a chest, whence he took an eagle; placed it at the top of a branch of a tree, marched under it to join Napoleon, and returned with him the same evening to take military possession of Grenoble. His superior officer, General Devilliers, followed, and tried in vain to bring him back, having already persuaded about one hundred of the soldiers to return to their duty. The prisoner's defence, after the admission of these decisive facts, rested upon the general dissatisfaction which the King's Government had excited, and the faults it had committed down to the period when the opportunity of defection arose. He disclaimed all previous knowledge of such a design on the part of Bonaparte, and declared his persuasion that no concert or communication between Paris and Elba had previously existed.—While entering upon the political reasons for his conduct, General Labedoyere was stopped by the President, and told to confine himself to the military charges against him. M. Labedoyere then proceeded, and concluded thus:—"I see all promises fulfilled, all guarantees consecrated, the Constitution perfected, and foreigners will see again, I hope, a great nation in the French united round their King. Perhaps I shall not be called upon to enjoy the sight; but I have shed my blood for my country, and I love to persuade myself that my death, preceded by my error, may be of some use; that my memory will not be held in horror, and that when my son shall have reached the age at which he shall be able to serve his country, that country will not reproach him with his name."

The firm and noble accent, the modest yet assured countenance, and the penetrating tone of the Colonel, inspired all the audience with a feeling which the Judges would no doubt have shared—the feeling of regret, that so many fine qualities, which might have made their possessor the pride of his country and his family, should only have contributed to the rendering him the accomplice of the enemy of the human race.—It was with a visible expression of grief that the President, after a long deliberation of the Council, declared him guilty of treason and rebellion, and condemned him to the pain of death. He was dressed in a large green riding coat without any decoration. His figure is tall—his countenance genteel and agreeable. He appeared at first rather pale and confused, but he soon assumed a firm and assured look and manner. His age is 29.—The prisoner has twenty-four hours to appeal for a revision.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, JULY 28.—When the intelligence of Napoleon having surrendered himself to the English arrived here, the Empress went to Baden to prepare the Archduchess Maria Louisa for this news. She received it with firmness, but shut herself up in her apartments. We are assured that she will soon leave Baden to return to the Castle of Schoenbrunn. She has forbid the persons who attend on her son to inform him of the events which have occurred in France.

JULY 30.—The fate of Madame Murat is at length decided. She had at Trieste, manifested a great antipathy against remaining in Bohemia; she rejected all proposals on this subject, and when her departure was mentioned, she feigned sickness, intrigued and complained of the violence which was done her: she finally obtained permission to take up her residence in Lower Austria, and she will inhabit the Castle of Hainbourg, situate six leagues from the capital. She is expressly prohibited from coming nearer than a league to Vienna, and has been informed that she must think herself very fortunate.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

At the York Assizes, the Proprietors of the Trafalgar coach were ordered by an arbitration to pay £50l. and the costs of suit to Mrs. Newlove, whose leg had been fractured from the overturning of the coach, and was afterwards amputated. The accident had arisen from the breaking of the axle, and the defendants were adjudged not to have paid sufficient attention to its previous condition.

Tuesday se'night, about three o'clock, a smuggling boat with 13 men, full of goods, and armed, run on board the eight-oared boat belonging to the Fox cutter, in the service of the Revenue of Excise, on the coast of Kent: the crew of the smuggler shot four of the boatmen, and, in the most brutal manner, threw them overboard, and beat, bruised, and wounded the other boatmen, and left them for dead on the wreck of their own boat. The Commissioners of Excise offer a reward of five hundred pounds on the conviction of the offenders.

The Sleeping Beauty awakened!—Margaret Lyell, of Montrose, a pleasant looking girl, about 22 years of age, dark complexion, and rather under the middle stature, had a slow fever some months ago. She had been for some time in the service of a clergyman, who, with his family, removed to Dumfries for a short time during the summer season, for the benefit of sea-bathing, where she accompanied them. A day or two before being overtaken with drowsiness, her manner was remarked to be rather hurried and agitated, but unaccompanied with any complaint of ill health. On June 28th, she awoke about two in the morning, and, after bleeding freely at the nose, fell asleep, and so continued till June 30th, at five in the afternoon, being a period of sixty-three hours. When awoke, she complained only of a weakness, took some refreshment, remained in bed, and was found in the same somnolent state next morning, July 1st, deprived of all sense, and totally devoid of motion, with her jaws so clenched as to render force necessary to open them, when wine and water was sparingly administered. In this state she remained till July 7th, when her power of swallowing returned, and her jaws, hitherto closed, now opened freely; but no food was given her till three days after; broth, bread, &c. were then occasionally, but sparingly, given her. When the power of swallowing returned, her left hand regained motion: if bread was put into it, and put to her mouth, she ate it very slowly; but the hand remained in the same position, unless put back, after the bread was consumed. Bleeding, blistering, sudden immersion into cold water; snuff, and spirits of hartshorn, had been applied to her nostrils; her arm had been punctured so as to bring blood; and divers other means had been used to arouse her, but in vain; yet, during the whole time she retained a healthful appearance, her breathing was easy, and nothing, in appearance, distinguished her from a person in ordinary sleep, her pulse generally being about fifty. She remained in the above state down to the afternoon of the 8th inst. when some appearance indicated that she was not altogether unconscious of what was transacting beside her. Her father having read a portion of scripture, asked her if she heard him, to which she faintly answered, yes. Her eyes remained closed the next morning, when with some gentle efforts they were opened, and sensation gradually diffused itself into her limbs. When fully awoke, she complained of pain and giddiness of the head, and great weakness. She retains no recollection of any thing that occurred in her presence; but nearly about the time she awoke, she conceived the night to have been very long, and her sleep uneasy; she was therefore anxious for day. From the time she first slept, June 28th, at three A. M. to the time she spoke on the 8th inst. is forty days, with the exception of five hours, and the few hours she was awake on the evening of Friday, June 30th, during which time she appears to have been absorbed in the soundest sleep.—*Tyne Mercury.*

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. Pacey, St. Martin, Worcester, hosier.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Lowe, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. Attorney, Mr. Stoker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

E. Davies, Mydrim, Carmarthen, auctioneer. Attornies, Messrs. Davids and Jones, Carmarthen.

J. Jones, Loughborough, Leicester, saddler. Attorney, Mr. Greaves, Derby.

W. and G. Walker, Manchester, manufacturers. Attorney, Mr. Kershaw, Fountain-street, Manchester.

S. Roberts, Cheltenham, Gloucester, druggist. Attornies, Messrs. Clarke and Bird, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire.

J. Voyce, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcester, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Mence, Worcester.

J. and G. Todd, Liverpool, tailors. Attorney, Mr. Atherton, Temple-street, Liverpool.

N. Everitt, Longbridge Deverell, Wilts, clothier. Attornies, Messrs. Phelps and Thring, Warminster.

H. Leathom, Liverpool, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Rowe, Liverpool.

J. Partridge, Stourport, Worcester, malster. Attorney, Mr. Barneby, Worcester.

R. Wilkinson, G. Snowdon, J. F. Lumley, Stockton, Durham, bankers. Attorney, Mr. Powell, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

J. Wilson, Clithero, Lancaster, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Cliffe, Preston.

P. Williams, Ludgate-street, straw-hat-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Swan, New Basinghall-street.

G. Sawtell, Bristol, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Buzgass Bristol.

T. W. Barnes, Poppleton, York, timber-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Ritson, Dryden, and Robinson, Hull.

T. Seward, Birchington, broker. Attornies, Messrs. Wiltshire and Bolton, Winchester-house, Old Broad-street.

C. Hammar, Bristol, timber-broker. Attorney, Mr. Springett, Three-Crown-square, Southwark.

SUPPLEMENT TO TUESDAY'S GAZETTE.

A Supplement to this Gazette was published on Saturday; it contains dispatches from India, relating to the Nepal operations, the particulars of which are already before the public. The following is the total account of the killed and wounded at the taking of Kalunga:—

1 Major, 5 Captains, 6 Lieutenants, 2 Ensigns, 7 native commissioned officers, 95 Havildars and serjeants, 4 drummers, 425 rank and file—1 gunner, 11 mattrasses, 2 golaundauze, 7 gun lascars, 1 driver, 4 Bheesties, and 1 magazine man.

The fort of Jumpta was attacked by two divisions. The enemy suffered greatly, but the attack failed. Major-General SULLIVAN Wood's dispatch details the operations of a division of the Field Army under his command. They were not successful. The 17th Foot, and 14th, 15th, and 22d Native Infantry, were chiefly engaged.—The total loss was 123 killed, 187 wounded, and 73 missing. The cause of the failure of this affair was being misled by a pretended deserter called Konckanaddee Sewarce.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

W. Moore, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, victualler. Attorney, Mr. Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

G. Hill, Portsea, brazier. Attorney, Mr. Collyer, Bridges-street, Covent-garden.

J. Parsons, Red Cross-street, Southwark, Prussian blue-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr. Hayward, Chancery-lane.

J. Ingles, Orange-street, Leicester-square, tailor. Attornies, Messrs. Mayhew and Price, Symond's-inn.

G. Wade, Blackenhall, Cheshire, miller. Attorney, Mr. Wood, Brazen-Nose-street, Manchester.

J. Riches and H. Foreman, High Holborn, linen-draper. Attornies, Messrs. Sweet and Stokes, Basinghall-street.

J. Sawkin, Margate, money-scrivener. Attorney, Mr. Dering, Margate.

W. Bowley, Birmingham, glass-toy-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Spurrier and Ingelby, Birmingham.

R. Glover, Gateshead, Durham, saddler. Attorney, Mr. Stobart, Gateshead.

C. Harrison, Barnard Castle, Durham, grocer. Attorney, Mr. Harrison, Barnard Castle.

N. Everitt, Longbridge Deverell, Wiltshire, clothier. Attornies, Messrs. Phelps and Thring, Warminster.

J. Docker, Birmingham, linen-draper. Attorney, Mr. Green, Liverpool.

E. Whitmore, Wickham-Market, Suffolk, millwright. Attorney, Mr. Jackson, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

J. J. Overbeck, Cannon-street, merchant. Attornies, Messrs.
Blont and Bowman, Old Bethlem, Broad-street.
G. Port, Petersfield, Southampton, horse-dealer. Attorney, Mr.
Hirich, Cecil-street, Strand, London.
B. Herring, Newgate-street, fringed-manufacturer. Attorney, Mr.
Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

PRICE OF STOCKS ON SATURDAY.

3 per Cent. Cons. 56 1/2 | Omnium 7 1/2 pr.

Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S interesting Evidence respecting the System
of BEGGING, next week, with other delayed Articles and Com-
munications.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, AUGUST 20.

THE public spirit in France continues in a great state of fermentation, and is understood to be still more likely to burst out than before, on account of the efforts taken to suppress its manifestation. In consequence of the measures taken by FOUCHE, the walks about the palace have been cleared lately of the shouters of all parties; and it appears that by his advice also, the freedom of the press has been totally put an end to; so that as the great majority of the shouters and the writers are said to have been in favour of LOUIS, the Royalists accuse the Minister of having contrived both measures to please the Jacobins. The said majority however were perhaps none of the most respectable either way; and it might have been feared that a few *Vive l'Empereur* and independent articles would have a greater effect on people's minds than all the *Vive le Roi* and government paragraphs. The government paragraphs, it is to be observed, still continue: it is only the independent articles that are suppressed.

In the intelligence from Paris, the reader will find some more half measures on the part of LOUIS for getting rid of the army; but the army of the Loire, it seems, is still in being, and though we every where hear of arrests, there are no such things as executions. LABEDOYERE, it is true, has at length been brought to trial, and condemned to death for high treason in deserting the King's standard for the Emperor's; but it is doubted whether the sentence will be carried into execution; and there can be no doubt, that if it be, it will be a dangerous proceeding on account of its gross partiality. It will just shew enough love of revenge, to excite a similar spirit; and enough fear of making the revenge general and impartial, to quicken that spirit with contempt; and the conduct of LABEDOYERE during the trial seems to have been of a mixed nature, and upon the whole characteristic of his countrymen, though of the better sort. During his examination he was very spirited, and through the whole business refused, in a very gallant manner, to attempt paltering with evident facts; but in making his concluding observations, he is represented as paying some compliments to existing things, which follow the rest with an ill grace, and under all the circumstances of his case, were useless as well as inconsistent, unless indeed it had been hinted to him that advantage might be taken of them by the Court to mitigate his sentence. But is the whole trial truly represented? Is nothing omitted, and nothing added? In the present state of the press, these questions are very natural. We are not in love with M. DE LABEDOYERE'S profession,

nor any blind admirers of his old Master; but we should have been glad to see him avowing the whole business manfully, dwelling on what people seem to forget,—the habitual loyalty of the French to NAPOLEON for a series of years,—and demanding that if he were punished, others, including some of the first Officers of the Royal Government, should be punished with him; for it is quite preposterous to effect to consider the whole of the late revolution as originating with a Colonel of a regiment, however early and eager his disaffection might have been. His enthusiasm might have been of great assistance to it, and no doubt was so, but the organizers were very different and much more important men, as those who will have to sign the sentence of M. de LABEDOYERE very well know; and it would be quite monstrous to punish him exclusively. The papers from Vienna state, that a French Colonel was lately sent to that country and imprisoned in one of its strongest fortresses, for being found with papers on him offering rewards to any who would contrive to get into their possession the persons of the Allied Sovereigns. The Ministers of LOUIS may be assured that there would arise many more Colonels of this sort, if once the person of a BONAPARTIST or Republican be touched, especially under circumstances of such flagrant inequality.—M. DE LABEDOYERE seems a gallant and enthusiastic young man, who has been led away by the books which we are taught at school, by the recollection of CÆSAR'S triumphs, and the contemplation of his habitual Master's. The story of his having shot General MARCHAND, for refusing to join him, appears to have been a calumny. He is represented as of an elegant and interesting appearance, is only 29 years of age, and has a wife and children.

The Paris Papers received yesterday inform us, that NEY and DROUOT and DEBELLE, are immediately to be brought to their trials.—SOULT has been permitted to retire under surveillance to his country seat.—LABEDOYERE has appealed for a revision of his sentence.—JEROME BONAPARTE appears to have made his escape; and it is added, that the King of WIRTEMBERG has permitted him to reside in his territories, and the Princess to live with him.

"The latest private intelligence with which we have been favoured from France, and which we gather from persons of every political opinion, agrees pretty generally in stating, that there have been several commotions in different parts of Paris, unnoticed by the journals, in which five or six persons have lost their lives.—We are informed that the troops now on duty at the Tuilleries will not permit strangers to approach within a certain distance of the Palais.—The health of BONAPARTE, under his twice abdicated title of "*L'Empereur*," is frequently and openly toasted in the Coffee-houses by persons who seem desirous of picking a quarrel with the friends of the KING, and this is often done with impunity.—It is generally thought by the Neutral, if such there be in France, hoped by the Rebels, and dreaded by the Royalists, that other disturbances would immediately break out were the Allied Troops withdrawn."—Sun.

"In consequence of the pleasure of an Illustrious Personage to be Colonel in Chief of the Life Guards (says a Ministerial Paper), this corps will of course undergo alterations. Officers and men are to be immediately furnished with new splendid equipments, and to wear Cuirasses; the word "*Waterloo*" to be superbly embroidered on the various appointments."

"This is the age of revolutions." One day we hear of the Emperor of the French being sent by us a prisoner to St. Helena; and the next that the King of Candy is a captive to our troops, and his kingdom taken possession of by their commander. The King was deposed for tyranny and cruelty; and we have assumed the government of his states, for the benefit of the people, whom we have blessed with the paternal sway of the PRINCE REGENT!!—That the King was a cruel tyrant and merited his fate, we have no doubt;—and that the people will be benefited by the change, is equally certain. But did not BONAPARTE meliorate the condition of many of the countries he conquered? Did he not establish liberal institutions and lay the foundation of a representative system in Italy? Did he not abolish the Inquisition in Spain, which a BOURBON has restored; and would he not have bettered the condition of the people, whom FERDINAND is doing his utmost to debase? If to secure the happiness of a people be a sufficient ground to justify a revolution in Candy, is not the same motive equally cogent in Europe.—*West Briton.*

Of the attachment of his followers to BONAPARTE, the following anecdotes are cited as proofs founded in fact:—A favourite Mameluke, who was taken prisoner on the 18th, having heard of his master's decisive defeat, exclaimed, "Then I will never live to see his downfall." With these words he opened his knife, and cut out his eyes.—A French soldier, who had just suffered the amputation of an arm, actuated by a like spirit, requested that the limb should be given to him; when, taking it in his remaining hand, and brandishing it round his head, he exclaimed, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Bonaparte!" We are informed that Mr. GOLL, of Greenwich, was the first inventor (about 16 years ago) of shooting a rope across a vessel shipwrecked, to save the lives of mariners; and that last May he presented to Government a plan of two buoys, the one a large hollow cone, in the shape of a bottle, with a hollow globe on the top, so constructed as to make a continual thundering noise; the other of the same shape, and hollow, with a different top, to make a continual, loud, shrill, jingling noise; and also other buoys, differently constructed, but equally loud in noise, so devised that they not only would serve to caution vessels of their dangerous situation off rocks or sand banks, but might also serve, when properly arranged by their various noises, as signals at night near the coast on which ships are steering. Some hundreds of lives are yearly lost in dark, foggy winter nights round the coast of Great Britain, as well as many ships with valuable cargoes. Should these buoys be adopted (the expense we are informed would be trifling) not only the royal navy, but merchants, underwriters, and all others concerned in commerce, would be greatly benefited. The inventor, we are assured, has other ingenious plans to offer, of great importance, particularly interesting to the commercial world. Hitherto, however, he has received no remuneration for his inventions, a detail of which was left since May 1814, with a Right Hon. Gentleman in the naval department, where it lies still. It nevertheless appears, that by Mr. GOLL having first introduced his plans and ideas, the exertions of others are prospering, and that they have received various rewards, though he is said to be either slighted or altogether unnoticed.

BREAD.—The price of the Quarter Loaf is now 11½d.

SIR.—The observation which the following rhymes attempt to embody, is said to have fallen from a respectable Nobleman.—I am, Sir, your's, **SORRELL.**

TO *** *****
 NAPOLEON writes to thee, "he ne'er did know
 So potent, constant, generous a loss"
 But, oh! what flattering eulogies must send,
 They, who have chanced to try thee as a Friend!

The Princess of Wales is said to have purchased a fine seat belonging to General Pizzo, and situated on the beautiful and picturesque Lago di Como, in the Milanese, where it is said her Royal Highness intends to fix her residence. It is about 20 miles from Milan.

BREAD.—The Lord Mayor has published a notice to the following effect:—

"Whereas an Act was passed in the last Session of Parliament to repeal the Acts now in force relating to Bread to be sold in the City of London, and liberties thereof, and within the Weekly Bills of Mortality, and ten miles of the Royal Exchange, and to prevent the Adulteration of Meal, Flour, and Bread, and to regulate the Weights of Bread within the same limits; and which Act is to take effect immediately after the first of September. Notice is hereby given, that the Provisions for setting the Assize and Price of Bread by the Court of Aldermen, and the Lord Mayor, being repealed, Bread is to be made of the materials and of the weights specified in the said Act of Parliament, without any regulation in respect to price. By the 10th Section of the said Act, every Baker is directed to provide a Beam and Scales in his shop, and to weigh any Bread purchased in his shop, in the presence of the parties purchasing the same, under a penalty not exceeding Forty Shillings. The Peck Loaf to weigh 17lb. 6oz.; every Half Peck Loaf, 8lb. 12oz.; every Quarter Peck Loaf, 4lb. 5oz.; every Half Quarter of a Peck Loaf, 2lb. 2½oz. and every Pound Loaf, 16 ounces."

SERJEANT RUNNINGTON.

MR. EXAMINER.—Chancing the other day to be passing through Westminster Hall, curiosity led me into the Court of Insolvency, which was then sitting, and excessively crowded by applicants seeking relief under the Act of Lord Redesdale. I was much surprised to hear the Learned Serjeant (Runnington), who presides as Judge of that Court, adjourn the Court for a week; and I afterwards learnt from the murmurs of the applicants, that such has been his usual practice, and that several of them have continued prisoners in our different jails (through this custom) many weeks after the expiration of the term of imprisonment prescribed by Act of Parliament.—Now, Mr. Examiner, I have always conceived the Act of Lord Redesdale, for the relief of Insolvent Debtors, to be a perpetual Act until repealed, and that it is not legally in the power of the Judge to adjourn the Court, which ought to sit every day for the discharge of those coming within the Act. On my way home, in order to satisfy my mind on this subject, I procured both Lord Ellenborough's and Redesdale's Act, and, on perusing them attentively, I could find no clause in either authorising or investing such power in the Judge.—I well know the Learned Serjeant in question has other places worthy his attention (though this I am informed brings him in full 3000l. per annum), such as the Recordership of Colchester, and being Chief Magistrate of Brighton, &c. But I wish not to interfere with the character of this Great Personage, further than to observe, that if the other situations he holds necessarily employ so great a portion of his time, he should relinquish his situation as Commissioner of the Court of Insolvency. Yours, &c. **A CONSTANT READER.**

ISSUING OF PUBLIC STORES.

MR. EXAMINER.—I have frequently read, with much pleasure, your observations on the expenditure of the public money, and of other matters connected with that most important, nay, I may say, vital part of our political existence. Whilst your pages so manfully reprehend those defaulters who have disgraced themselves and abused the trust reposed in them, I am sure you will feel great pleasure in recording the proper manner in which this most important part of the Executive Government is conducted.

The office of the Storekeeper General may, in point of regularity and dispatch, claim at least an equality with

any other public office. The accounts are *balanced* with the nicety and exactness of a merchant's counting-house, and the arrangements made in such a manner, with respect to the purchase and issuing of stores, as to preclude the possibility of fraud or peculation.

Every article purchased is ordered by the Commissary in Chief, and the issues directed by the Treasury Board; an exact detail of each description of store lodged in the MILITARY DEPOT is taken, and its issue *instantly* registered; so that reference can be had at any moment of the quantity and quality of stores in hand, whether in the London or Provincial Depots. For these suggestions, leading to their being confirmed by authority, the public are indebted to the unwearied exertions of Mr. John Trotter, the Storekeeper General, and to the experience and indefatigable labours of his Deputy, Mr. Barker.

The whole of the military stores demanded by the Duke of Wellington for the service of the Army in the Netherlands have not only been shipped but *accounted for*. This prompt method of *balancing* public accounts must save many hundred thousand pounds annually; and, surely, at a moment so awfully impressive as the present, these are considerations not to be disgraced.

I have not the honour, Mr. Examiner, of being personally known to the Storekeeper General, but have had an opportunity of ascertaining these facts, so creditable to the conductors of this great NATIONAL DEPOT. I will not, at present, occupy more of your Paper with further observations on this subject, yet I am confident you will perceive the utility of bringing forward to public notice those men who act honestly and honourably in the *trusty* situations of Government, as well, as I before observed, of exposing those whose conduct may be of a contrary tendency.—Your's, A CONSTANT READER.

June 5, 1815.

FINE ARTS.

PRINTS FROM THE DESIGNS OF MR. STOTHARD.—LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

It is nothing is the modern progress of painting as well as engraving more evident than in the embellishment of books. The commonest book for children, generally speaking, contains now-a-days more knowledge of art in its little prints and vignettes than the very first publications a hundred and fifty years back; and even in these books, what a leap has there been since our infant days from the angular grimaces of Jack the Giant-killer or the Seven Champions, or our old acquaintances the Heroes of the Village School, with their hats like plates stuck on one side of the head!

But it is in the embellishment of those works which most call for it,—the works of the Poets,—that the difference is most discernible. Two hundred years back, when Sir JOHN HARRINGTON published his Translation of *Ariosto*, he prefaced it with a grave advertisement to the reader, in which he "sets forth the use of the pictures," explaining why the figures are larger in the foreground and smaller as they recede, and which advertisement, by the by, as well as the pictures themselves, he took without acknowledgment from an old Italian copy of the original. Sir JOHN particularly values himself on the hitherto unexampled beauty of his pictures, though they are altogether little better than so much contortion and confusion.—A hundred years afterwards, in DRYDEN'S time, no Englishman, it appears, could be found, of sufficient ability to execute designs for the great edition of *Milton*, annotated by PATRICK HUME; and MEDINA, a Fleming, was applied to for that purpose. With him originated the well-known cuts, in which Eve lolls about in slatternly nakedness, and Satan figures away, sometimes as a kind of Satyr, and sometimes as a mixture of the Devil and the

Roman General.—After *Paradise Lost*, came DRYDEN'S *Virgil*, with an engraving to every book ostentatiously and cunningly published under the particular patronage of some rich person; but the only memorable feature in these productions was an aquiline nose, which old TONSON the bookseller, to the great horror of the poet, who was a Jacobite, had directed to be put in all the faces of *Æneas*, as a compliment to King WILLIAM.—To these succeeded the editions of *Pope*, &c. with designs by HAYMAN and others, who without always wanting a good conception, had no sort of vigour or taste, and drew in the worst style of the French, with fluttering clothes, half-witted faces, and loose hanging limbs.—In short, with the exception of portraits, there has been little or nothing worth looking at in the graphic embellishments of English books till the present age, when, from the publication of Mr. BELL'S *British Poets* till now, readers have been enabled to have their favourite writers adorned by, at least, two or three artists, who know how to appreciate them.

Of these Mr. STOTHARD has been pre-eminently distinguished, from first to last,—an Artist of whom we do not hesitate to say, that our opinion has increased, from day to day, in proportion to our general knowledge. Fond as we are of poetry, and adorning it beyond every thing else, we can say nevertheless, that we had always rather have designs to our favourite poets by Mr. STOTHARD than see them with none. This may be thought a poor compliment for an Artist of whose reputation we have spoken so highly; but we doubt much whether the Artist himself will think it so, for he feels what poetry is, and with what sort of adornment it ought to be accompanied. The designs, admired in general, and reasonably enough admired when they accompany certain monotonous and flimsy works, are to us mere impertinence and presumption when they approach the greater poets; but Mr. STOTHARD pleases us in conjunction with CHAUCER and SPENSER. We recognize in him a real feeling for his author,—a native and elementary liability to impressions,—a love of nature unspoiled, her green trees and her simple affections. In certain points of simplicity indeed, particularly in the power of expressing unconsciousness, and in the tenderest and most artless graces of women, we know not that there is any artist since the time of RAPHAEL himself who can be compared with him; for Sir JOSHUA'S graces are always those of polished life, and have a certain sophistication in the midst of them; those of Mr. STOTHARD are the very good breeding of nature:—the women of the former, when they most undertake to be natural, still look as if they did *undertake* it; they are never without a scent of powder and the toilet; whereas those of Mr. STOTHARD, except when he chuses to make them otherwise (for he can enter into the artificial as well as the natural) are graceful from health, innocence, and want of art; they are princesses bred up in the woods, whose native superiority is untaught; they are creatures that belong to love, and to lutes, and to summer bowers.

For proofs of what is here advanced, the reader may turn to the designs which Mr. STOTHARD has made at various times for BELL'S *British Poets*, HEATH'S *Shakespeare*, and KEARSLEY'S Edition of *Spenser*. There is also an exquisite specimen of him in the *back-ground* of a picture drawn for Mr. WALTER SCOTT'S *Rokeby*, where a ruffian is going to shoot at a young party seated upon a declivity. You execrate the fellow at once for thinking of sending terror and misery among such a group.

We have said that Mr. STOTHARD has a genuine feeling for his authors, and for good ones too; for it is easy for dullness to sympathize with dullness. In no works has he exhibited this feeling more than in the designs he has made at various times for *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, and for the Noble Writer now before us. You will very often meet with artists, who have so little of this sympathy, that

they shall select some of the least characteristic parts of their original for design, a simile or a metaphor perhaps, or a mere suggestion, and arrest it for your contemplations in the middle of a work where it was intended for a comparative nothing. We have thus seen grave pictures in works of entire humour, and buffoonery in the midst of elegies. Mr. STOTHARD'S pictures are always parts of his author's character. In *Chaucer*, he is human and miscellaneous, sometimes in the world, sometimes out of it, but generally the former; and by the way, he is the more fit for *Chaucer*; inasmuch as he is the only artist perhaps on record who has united a real talent for the pathetic and the humorous. In *Spenser*, on the other hand, he is exclusively romantic and poetical, in the thick of knights and ladies and satyrs and sylvan haunts. You meet with no design that is not eminently *Spenserian*, and that does not flash upon you like a favourite passage.

It is the same with the Works of Lord BYRON, just published. The characteristics of this author are passion, melancholy, a fondness for the mysterious, an intense feeling both of the painful and the voluptuous. All these, and these only, are to be found in the designs for his productions by Mr. STOTHARD. We have dwelt too long upon other matters to particularize much in this instance; and must content ourselves with pointing out to the reader the evident mystery of the print in *Lara*; the striking contrast between the two pictures in the *Giaour*; and lastly, our two favourite ones, the Spanish dance in *Childe Harold*, and the love scene in the *Bride of Abydos*. Mark the nice distinction, in these last, between the pleasing and not vulgar, though still not ladylike, gracefulness of the girl dancing, and the accomplished perfection of the exquisite creature who is pressing her flower upon *Selim*.

Since we announced our remarks on this subject, we have heard some particulars respecting an Engraving from a work of this artist's, in which we were interested as subscribers, and about which we had made, in common with others, many fruitless enquiries. Such of our readers as are interested in the Fine Arts need not be told, that Mr. STOTHARD sometime ago painted an excellent and highly characteristic picture describing the *Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims to Canterbury*. To descant on the merits of this production would be mere repetition of a hundred criticisms. It is enough to say, that it elicited a particular and pointed panegyric from the late Mr. HOPKINSON, and was so universally admired, that Mr. CROMER the proprietor consigned it to the hands of the best engraver he could find, Mr. LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI, and the subscribers waited with much impatience for their copies. Unfortunately, that excellent engraver died, after finishing only a masterly etching; and as his brother NICHOLAS, who was to have gone on with it, died also, and Mr. CROMER himself followed them, the work has been suspended for a long while, to the great regret of all who, like ourselves, had marked out their favourite spot for it in their sitting rooms.

This suspension has not been unattended with a more serious kind of distress. Mr. CROMER left a widow with two children too scantily provided for to live without other means; the engraving would have been a material help for them; but as engravers must live as well as their employers, it was found impossible to proceed without raising a sum of money for the artist to go to work upon, and to subsist and remunerate him during it's progress; and in her efforts to raise this sum, Mrs. CROMER has been suddenly disappointed.

The private exertions however of a quiet and anxious woman cannot be expected to have any very great success; and it appeared to the *Examiner* to be, every way, a fit occasion for coming forward and seeing whether the sum could not be raised by an appeal to the lovers of art:—we would say, to the lovers of humanity also, but a needless

humiliation may well be spared, and a British woman be allowed to remain in that quiet privacy which best befits her sex and her countrywomen, when there are surely enough reasons, on public grounds, for bringing this beautiful production to light, for gratifying the original artist, assisting the engraver, doing honour to the Father of English Poetry, and giving an additional help to the progress of that Fine Art in general, which it is so eminently calculated to promote. Mr. STOTHARD himself says, we understand, that he would with pleasure advance the money, could he afford it; but reputation has hitherto been all his riches. With Mr. ENGLEHART, who we believe is the proposed engraver, and who executed some of the prints in the late publication above mentioned, he is perfectly satisfied, and so, of course, would be the subscribers.

It is suggested therefore, at present, through the medium of this paper, that if any English Gentleman, with a love for his country's talent, should have as large a sum as 300*l.* to spare in favour of such a work, he has now an opportunity of evincing that love, and of exciting the respect and the thanks of all who feel as much without the power to shew it. The money would be carefully returned out of the earliest profits of the plate, so that it is an *advance* only, for about two years, which is wanted to perfect the work.

"We pause," as JUNIUS said,—but luckily with very different feelings, and on a much pleasanter subject,—
"for a reply."

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 204.

THE question which has so often been asked, *Why there are so few good modern Comedies?* appears in a great measure to answer itself. It is because so many excellent Comedies have been written, that there are none written at present. Comedy naturally wears itself out—destroys the very food on which it lives; and by constantly and successfully exposing the follies and weaknesses of mankind to ridicule, in the end leaves itself nothing worth laughing at. It holds the mirror up to nature; and men, seeing their most striking peculiarities and defects pass in gay review before them, learn either to avoid or conceal them. It is not the criticism which the public taste exercises upon the stage, but the criticism which the stage exercises upon public manners, that is fatal to comedy, by rendering the subject matter of it tame, correct, and spiritless. We are drilled into a sort of stupid decorum, and forced to wear the same dull uniform of outward appearance; and yet it is asked, why the Comic Muse does not point, as she was wont, at the peculiarities of our gait and gesture, and exhibit the picturesque contrasts of our dress and costume, in all that graceful variety in which she delights. The genuine source of comic writing,

"Where it must live, or have no life at all,"

is undoubtedly to be found in the distinguishing peculiarities of men and manners. Now, this distinction can subsist, so as to be strong, pointed, and general, only while the manners of different classes are formed immediately by their particular circumstances, and the characters of individuals by their natural temperament and situation, without being everlastingly modified and neutralised by intercourse with the world—by knowledge and education. In a certain stage of society, men may be said to vegetate like trees, and to become rooted to the soil in which they grow. They have no idea of any thing beyond themselves and their immediate sphere of action; they are, as it were, circumscribed, and defined by their particular circumstances; they are what their situation makes them, and nothing

more. Each is absorbed in his own profession or pursuit, and each in his turn contracts that habitual peculiarity of manners and opinions, which makes him the subject of ridicule to others, and the sport of the Comic Muse. Thus the physician is nothing but a physician, the lawyer is a mere lawyer, the scholar degenerates into a pedant, the country squire is a different species of being from the fine gentleman, the citizen and the courtier inhabit a different world, and even the affectation of certain characters, in aping the follies or vices of their betters, only serves to shew the immeasurable distance which custom or fortune has placed between them. Hence the early comic writers, taking advantage of this mixed and solid mass of ignorance, folly, pride, and prejudice, made those deep and lasting incisions into it—have given those sharp and nice touches, that hold relief to their character—have opposed them in every variety of contrast and collision, of conscious self-satisfaction and mutual antipathy, with a power which can only find full scope in the same rich and inexhaustible materials. But in proportion as comic genius succeeds in taking off the mask from ignorance and conceit, as it teaches us to

“See ourselves as others see us.”—

in proportion as we are brought out on the stage together, and our prejudices clash one against the other, our sharp, angular points wear off: we are no longer rigid in absurdity, passionate in folly, and we prevent the ridicule directed at our habitual foibles, by laughing at them ourselves.

If it be said, that there is the same fund of absurdity and prejudice in the world as ever—that there are the same unaccountable perversities lurking at the bottom of every breast,—I should answer, be it so: but at least we keep our follies to ourselves as much as possible—we palliate, shuffle, and equivocate with them—they sneak into bye-corners, and do not, like *Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims*, march along the high road, and form a procession—they do not entrench themselves strongly behind custom and precedent—they are not embodied in professions and ranks in life—they are not organised into a system—they do not openly resort to a standard, but are a sort of straggling non-descripts, that, like *Wart*, “Present no mark to the foe-man.” As to the gross and palpable absurdities of modern manners, they are too shallow and barefaced, and those who affect, are too little serious in them, to make them worth the detection of the Comic Muse. They proceed from an idle, impudent affectation of folly in general, in the dashing *bravura* style, not from an infatuation with any of its characteristic modes. In short, the proper object of ridicule is *egotism*; and a man cannot be a very great egotist, who every day sees himself represented on the stage. We are deficient in Comedy, because we are without characters in real life—as we have no historical pictures, because we have no faces proper for them.

It is indeed the evident tendency of all literature to generalise and dissipate character, by giving men the same artificial education, and the same common stock of ideas; so that we see all objects from the same point of view, and through the same reflected medium;—we learn to exist, not in ourselves, but in books;—all men become alike mere readers—spectators, not actors in the scene, and lose all proper personal identity. The triplar, the wit, the man of pleasure, and the man of fashion, the courtier and the citizen, the knight and the squire, the lover and the raiser—*Lovelace, Lothario, Will Honeycomb, and Sir Roger de Coverley, Sparkish, and Lord Foppington, Western, and Tom Jones, my Father and my Uncle Toby, Millamant and Sir Sampson Legend, Don Quixote and Sancho, Gil Blas and Guzman d'Alfarache, Count Fathom and Joseph Surface*,—have all met, and exchanged common places on the barren plains of the *haute littérature*—will slowly on to the Temple of Science, seen a long way

off upon a level, and end in one dull compound of politics, criticism, chemistry, and metaphysics!

We cannot expect to reconcile opposite things. If, for example, any of us were to put ourselves into the stage-coach from Salisbury to London, it is more than probable we should not meet with the same number of odd accidents or ludicrous distresses on the road that befel *Parson Adams*; but why, if we get into a common vehicle, and submit to the conveniences of modern travelling, should we complain of the want of adventures? Modern manners may be compared to a modern stage-coach: our limbs may be a little cramped with the confinement, and we may grow drowsy; but we arrive safe, without any very amusing or very sad accident, at our journey's end.

Again, the alterations which have taken place in conversation and in dress in the same period, have been by no means favourable to Comedy. The present prevailing style of conversation is not *personal*, but critical and analytical. It consists almost entirely in the discussion of general topics, in dissertations on philosophy or taste: and *CONGREVE* would be able to derive no better hints from the conversation of our toilettes or drawing-rooms, for the exquisite raillery or poignant repartee of his dialogues, than from a deliberation of the Royal Society. In the same manner, the extreme simplicity and graceful uniformity of modern dress, however favourable to the arts, has certainly stript Comedy of one of its richest ornaments and most expressive symbols. The sweeping pall and buskin, and nodding plume, were never more serviceable to Tragedy, than the enormous hoops and stiff stays worn by the belles of former days were to the intrigues of Comedy. They assisted wonderfully in heightening the mysteries of the passion, and adding to the intricacy of the plot. *WYCHERLEY* and *VANBURGH* could not have spared the dresses of *VANDYKE*. These strange fancy-dresses, perverse disguises, and counterfeit shapes, gave an agreeable scope to the imagination. “That sevenfold fence” was a sort of foil to the lusciousness of the dialogue, and a barrier against the sly encroachments of *double entendre*. The greedy eye and bold hand of indiscretion were repressed, which gave a greater license to the tongue. The senses were not to be gratified in an instant. Love was entangled in the folds of the swelling handkerchief, and the desires might wander for ever round the circumference of a quilted petticoat, or find a rich lodging in the flowers of a damask stomacher. There was room for years of patient contrivance, for a thousand thoughts, schemes, conjectures, hopes, fears and wishes. There seemed no end of difficulties and delays; to overcome so many obstacles was the work of ages. A mistress was an angel concealed behind whalebone, flounces, and brocade. What an undertaking to penetrate through the disguise! What an impulse must it give to the blood, what a keenness to the invention, what a volubility to the tongue! “Mr. Smirk, you are a brisk man,” was then the most significant commendation. But now a days—A woman can be *but undressed!*

The same account might be extended to Tragedy. *ARISTOTLE* has long since said that Tragedy purifies the mind by terror and pity—that is, substitutes an artificial and intellectual interest for real passion. Tragedy, like Comedy, must therefore defeat itself; for its patterns must be drawn from the living models within the breast, from feeling or from observation; and the materials of Tragedy cannot be found among a people, who are the habitual spectators of Tragedy, whose interests and passions are not their own, but ideal, remote, sentimental, and abstracted. It is for this reason chiefly, we conceive, that the highest efforts of the Tragic Muse are in general the earliest; where the strong impulses of nature are not lost in the refinements and glosses of art; where the writers themselves and those whom they saw about them had

"warm hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms, and were not embowelled of their natural entrails, and stuffed with paltry blurred sheets of paper." SHAKESPEARE, with all his genius, could not have written as he did, if he had lived in the present times. Nature would not have presented itself to him in the same freshness and vigour; he must have seen it through all the refractions of successive dullness, and his powers would have languished in the dense atmosphere of logic and criticism. "Men's minds," he somewhere says, "are parcel of their fortunes;" and his age was necessary to him. It was this which enabled him to grapple at once with nature, and which stamped his characters with her image and super-scription.

We may perhaps have an opportunity of retracting these remarks next week, as we shall have to give an account of no less than three new pieces. If in any of them we can find out the characteristic meaning of modern Comedy, we will communicate the secret to our readers. W. H.

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. 16. SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1815.

MILTON'S works are a perpetual invocation to the Muses; a hymn to Fame. His religious zeal infused its character into his imagination; and he devotes himself with the same sense of duty to the cultivation of his genius, as he did to the exercise of virtue or the good of his country. He does not write from casual impulse, but after a severe examination of his own strength, and with a determination to leave nothing undone which it is in his power to do. He always labours, and he almost always succeeds. He strives to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them. He adorns and dignifies his subject to the utmost. He surrounds it with all the possible associations of beauty or grandeur, whether moral or physical or intellectual. He refines on his descriptions of beauty, till the sense almost aches at them, and raises his images of terror to a gigantic elevation, that "makes Ossa like a wart." He has a high standard, with which he is constantly comparing himself, and nothing short of which can satisfy him:—

"Nor sometimes forget

Those other two, equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

Milton has borrowed more than any other writer; yet he is perfectly distinct from every other writer. The power of his mind is stamped on every line. He is a writer of genius, and yet in originality only inferior to Homer. The quantity of art shews the strength of his genius; so much art would have overloaded any other writer.—Milton's learning has all the effect of intuition. He describes objects of which he had only read in books, with the vividness of actual observation. His imagination has the force of nature. He makes words tell as pictures:—

"Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abhana and Pharphace, lucid streams."

And again:—

"As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fled, flies towards the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their easy waggons light."

Such passages may be considered as demonstrations of literary. Instances might be multiplied without end. There

is also a decided tone in his descriptions, an eloquent dogmatism, as if the poet spoke from thorough conviction, which Milton probably derived from his spirit of partisanship, or else his spirit of partisanship from the natural firmness and vehemence of his mind. In this Milton resembles Dante (the only one of the moderns with whom he has any thing in common) and it is remarkable that Dante as well as Milton was a political partisan. That approximation to the severity of unpassioned prose which has been made an objection to Milton's poetry, is one of its chief excellences. It has been suggested, that the vividness with which he describes visible objects, might be owing to their having acquired a greater strength in his mind after the privation of sight; but we find the same palpableness and solidity in the descriptions which occur in his early poems. There is indeed the same depth of impression in his descriptions of the objects of the other senses. Milton had as much of what is meant by *gusto* as any poet. *Gusto* is the high sense of power or passion in any object. He forms the most intense conceptions of things, and then embodies them by a single stroke of his pen. Force of style is perhaps his first excellence. Hence he stimulates us most in the reading, and less afterwards.

It has been said that Milton's ideas were musical rather than picturesque, but this is not true, in the sense in which it was meant. The ear indeed predominates over the eye, because it is more immediately affected, and because the language of music blends more immediately with and forms a more natural accompaniment to the variable and indefinite associations of ideas conveyed by words. But where the associations of the imagination are not the principal thing, the individual image is given by Milton with equal force and beauty. The strongest and best proof of this as a characteristic power of his mind, is that the persons of Adam and Eve, of Satan, &c. are always accompanied, in our imagination, with the grandeur of the naked figure: they convey to us the ideas of sculpture. As an instance, take the following:—

"He soon

Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun;
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tier
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders sledge with wings
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
His habit fit for speed, succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand."

The figures introduced here have all the elegance and precision of a Greek statue.

Milton's blank verse is the only blank verse in the language (except Shakespeare's) which is readable. Dr. Johnson, who had modelled his ideas of versification on the regular sing-song of Pope, condemns the *Paradise Lost* as harsh and unequal. We shall not pretend to say that this is not sometimes the case; for where a degree of excellence beyond the mechanical rules of art is attempted, the poet must sometimes fail. But we imagine that there are more perfect examples in Milton of musical expression, or of an adaptation of the sound and movement of the verse to the meaning of the passage, than in all our other

writers, whether of rhyme or blank verse, put together, (with the exception already mentioned). Spenser is the most harmonious of our poets, and Dryden is the most sounding and varied of our rhymists. But in neither is there any thing like the same ear for music, the same power of approximating the varieties of poetical to those of musical rhythm, as there is in our great epic poet. The sound of his lines is moulded into the expression of the sentiment, almost of the very image. They rise or fall, pause or hurry rapidly on, with exquisite art, but without the least trick or affectation, as the occasion seems to require.

The following are some of the finest instances:—

“ His hand was known
In Heav'n by many a tower'd structure high;—
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece: and in the Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber: and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Droop'd from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos, th' Egean isle; this they relate,
Erring.”

“ But chief the spacious hall
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. * As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dew and flowers
Fly to and fro: or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of the straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and cooler
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Through numberless, like that pygmean race,
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest-side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits aridross and negret to the earth
Wheels her pale courses: they on their mieth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once, with joy and fear his heart rebounds.”

We can only give another instance; though we have some difficulty in leaving off. “What a pity,” said an ingenious person of our acquaintance, “that Milton had not the pleasure of reading *Paradise Lost*!”

“ Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood,
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the steepest star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th' horizon: then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure murd'ring air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd or happy isles,” &c.

The verse in this exquisitely modulated passage, floats and down as if it had itself wings. Milton has himself given us the theory of his versification—

“ In many winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

Dr. Johnson and Pope would have converted his vaulting Pegasus into a rocking-horse. Read any other blank verse but Milton's.—Thomson's, Young's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's—and it will be found, from the want of

* It is one of Dr. Johnson's speculations, that all imitation sound is merely fanciful.

the same insight into “the hidden soul of harmony,” to be mere lumbering prose.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

SIR.—It is somewhat remarkable, that in Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (not a very long poem) there are no less than half a score couplets rhyming to the word *sense*.

“ But of the two, less dangerous is the offence,
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.”—lines 3, 4.

“ In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence.”—l. 28, 29.

“ Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.”—l. 209, 210.

“ Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.”—l. 324-5.

“ 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.”—l. 364, 5.

“ At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shews great pride, or little sense.”—l. 386, 7.

“ Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.”—l. 366, 7.

“ Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.”—l. 578, 9.

“ Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.”—l. 608, 9.

“ Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense.”—l. 653, 4.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, A SMALL CRITIC.

CASE OF ELIZA FENNING.

MR. EXAMINER,—You appear to have many Correspondents, advocates for the innocence of Eliza Fenning, and who all call themselves “Lovers of Justice,” and one is also “A Friend to the Poor.” Now these significant subscriptions, with the nerveless, make rather against a fair disquisition of the subject, because Correspondents whose sentiments might not be in exact unison with these Lovers of Justice are apprehensive of being condemned for “an Enemy to Justice,” if not also “an Enemy to the Poor.” But the author of this article has the happiness (so he considers it) not to be unnerved by such high sounding epithets. His regret is, that he cannot cordially adopt the disposition of the Examiner on this subject; his clemency (the subscribed thinks) would have mollified the law in this particular case against the national law.—The case in question was no more or less than one of the unnumbered many resting on circumstantial evidence, and was in no way deserving of preference or mitigation for any special reason that then, or has since, appeared; and that it was tried on such evidence is no way objectionable, for it was against common probability that trial should have been had on positive evidence, for a witness to the infusion of the venom would have been as criminal as the person placed at the bar.—The evidence adduced on the trial did to common sense attach guilt on the prisoner, and to the Lovers of Justice there appeared suspicion, almost conviction strong. Couple this then with her falsehood, that, “she never went to the drawer containing the waste paper,” as it stands contradicted by two witnesses on the trial, detailed in the Examiner of Sunday, August 6th, and then let these Lovers of Justice answer if it is justice to impugn the prosecutor, his family, or twelve disinterested and honest men, put on oath also, (and who were all doubtless “Lovers of Justice” as much as the scribbling lovers,—but the subject is too serious for jesting) and, of all things, to make special mention of a titled name, whose person merits the greatest reverence from all classes of society, not only for upright conduct in his judicial character, but in every sphere in which that truly great and good man moves. It is now too late to wish, for the love of justice, that what has appeared had not; but I hope, Mr. Examiner, you will allow me the opportunity, through your paper, of addressing to “A Lover of Justice” correspondent, a request that he will be sparing of his

and I hope that the hint may be of service to the apparent contempters of the jurisprudence, which is the ornament of this country's legislation in peculiar.—I avail myself of this opportunity to say, I know one who resided with the family full five years, and this person gives of the family a most unexceptionable character; and I cannot help concurring with many that this respectable family should not have suffered what they have done since the trial in question, for they did no more than their social duties ordained. "A voluntary forgiveness, by the party injured, ought not to intercept the stroke of Justice—this may be an act of good nature and humanity, but it is contrary to the good of the public. For, although a private citizen may dispense with satisfaction for his private injury, he cannot remove the necessity of public example. The right of punishing belongs not to any individual in particular, but to the society in general." And can there be a doubt of the private injury in this case; and would not any one who had sustained such injury have acted as the prosecutor did, that is, apprehend and prosecute the person on whom suspicion fell? I really think the Lovers of Justice would have so done; if they did not, they would have left undone the things they ought to have done.—I am, &c.

"A FRIEND TO ALL."

Aug. 14, 1815.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EXAMINER.—I submit the following documents to the Public, for impartial consideration. We have all our infirmities, and Eliza Fenning, like all other young female servants, had her share of failings and merits; but she was not the monster painted in the *Observer* :—

"No. 107, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, April 20, 1815. ELIZA FENNING, who has been found guilty of attempting to poison the family of Mr. Turner, lived with me as servant in the year 1809, &c. twelve months and two weeks, and during that time conducted herself as an HONEST, SOBER, QUIET, DISCREET YOUNG WOMAN, and I should not have ever thought her capable of committing the deed for which she is found guilty, as I ALWAYS FOUND HER OF A GOOD DISPOSITION.—THOMAS FLINT."

The certificate signed by CHARLES WOODWARD, No. 3, Bedford-court, New North-street, Red Lion-square, is equally strong in her favour. She lived with that family, as servant, in the year 1811, nearly twelve months, and during that time, behaved with honesty, discretion, quietness and sobriety; so much so, that her master could not have supposed her capable of the crime of which she had been found guilty.

"No. 7, York-street, Seymour-place, Walworth.—Eliz beth Fenning lived with me as servant ten months, in 1812, which time she conducted herself as a SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS, YOUNG WOMAN; nor did I EVER SEE ANY THING in her conduct to suppose her capable of committing the act for which she now stands condemned. MARY STOKES."

Here are three testimonials comprehending a period of three years, during which Eliza conducted herself as an honest, quiet, sober, discreet young woman; and, so far, they totally contradict the grave assertion, that she left behind her a bad character in every service in which she had lived. But, if her certificates had been the reverse, I do not see any legal bearing which they could have in favour of the evidence adduced against her on the day of trial. A person may have lived without much prudence and with great indiscretion; but placed at the Bar of the Old Bailey, any crime charged against him must be proved by evidence connected with that crime, and proving it distinct from every other general circumstance. The sound principle of British law forbids the admission of all irrelevant evidence and presumptions. Those, who are at so much pains to search back for faults and fancied crimes committed by Eliza Fenning, forget that the evidence sworn against her, must now for ever stand or fall by its own merits or demerits. Whoever steps away for stones to strengthen the building, only proves his own conviction of its weakness. The Turnkey's oath, and the medical declaration, therefore, instead of mending an old breach,

made a new one.—As to the fact of Eliza Fenning's good or censurable conduct, it may be matter of curious discussion, but not of evidence as to the poisoning. The different degrees of licence and opposite modes of conduct sanctioned by fashion and custom, in the higher ranks and lower classes of females, constitute the only rule by which their conduct can be fairly judged. Many actions, which are considered proofs of fashionable spirit and high breeding in a Court Lady, would be condemned as gross indications in her servant girl; and the broad freedoms which are permitted to an innocent lively hoyden in the kitchen, would prove fatal to the reputation of her mistress. The intention in these cases constitutes the right or wrong, the honour or shame of the action.

Not to occupy too much room by certificates, I shall here observe, that none but servants of tried steadiness and honesty are ever hired a second time by any respectable family; and Eliza Fenning was, a second time, hired as a servant by Mr. Flint, a person of high respectability, and also, in another place. She had lived in nine services, and had always borne her wearing, in those places where she did not herself propose to quit, and had quitted her places, with perfect good humour, as a usual circumstance to which all servants are liable. Mr. Turner's was the last place in which she lived. Facts here are proofs, that only about seven weeks before she was accused of poisoning her Master's family, she brought to him an excellent character. No honest and respectable person would give a bad servant a good character; or afterwards, for any solicitation, be guilty of prevaricating or belying his own former recommendation. Any person, who gives a servant a good character on leaving him or her, cannot swerve from that good report, without forfeiting his own claim to credit. At the end of January last, Eliza Fenning brought with her an excellent character to Mr. Turner, as an honest, steady, good servant, such as, in his opinion, entitled her to a place in a respectable tradesman's house, or he never would have engaged her in his service. A written copy of the substance of that character was, after her trial, obtained from Mr. Turner, senior. This undeniable proof that she had brought a good character to her prosecutor's family, was sent into the Paymaster's Office, in Spring Gardens, with other certificates of her good character, her father's regimental certificate and discharge, and the petitions for mercy, signed by different bodies of dispassionate, religious men. They were to be forwarded from the Paymaster's Office to the Secretary of State, and humbly submitted by that Nobleman to the Prince Regent. The cruel efforts employed to blacken this unfortunate girl may now be judged of by referring to the bold assertions in the *Observer* of the 30th ult. The Writer, charitably tracing her to the school-girl faults of her twelfth year, stated, "From this period, she did but little to redeem her lost character."—"There WAS NOT A PLACE, in which she was employed, (for she went out to service immediately afterwards) that she did not leave behind her THE CHARACTER of a CONFIRMED LIAR."—With the same hardy defiance of truth and probability, the same Writer proceeded—"In EVERY PLACE in which she lived afterwards, she unhappily obtained for herself THE CHARACTER of being MOST SPITEFUL and MALICIOUS."—There is an evidence on the face of these assertions, that the Writer himself, at the time of writing them, must have been convinced of their falsehood. Because with a grain of common sense, he could not but know that no honest, respectable person, would give a good character to such a bad servant; and that neither Mr. Turner, nor any other respectable person, would engage as a servant, on any terms.—"A MOST SPITEFUL, MALICIOUS, and CONFIRMED LIAR."—This is indeed the opposite of the truth; the opposite of Mr. Flint's certificate, who had found Eliza Fenning to

be "An HONEST, SOBER, QUIET, DISCREET
YOUNG WOMAN."

A FRIEND OF THE POOR AND A LOVER OF JUSTICE.
Aug. 15, 1815.

[The Publication alluded to in our last is not yet out, though its appearance has not been prevented, as it has been reported, by any official interference. Various obstacles, we know, have arisen to impede the inquiry into this singular case of *Fenning*; but we are assured that the progress and result of that inquiry will be given to the Public in a few days, with the only complete Report of the Trial,—a mass of notes, legal and chemical—a series of facts—copies of documents—an argument on her case, and a memorial to the Prince Regent; with the unfortunate Girl's private correspondence.]

LAW.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.—WADE v. BASELEY AND OTHERS.

An application was made for an attachment to issue against Charles Henry Baseley, for carrying off and marrying Anne Wade, a ward of the Court, and also against the other defendants, for aiding and assisting him.—It appeared that an injunction had been directed to be issued by the Lord Chancellor, directed to the defendant Baseley, restraining him from all intercourse with the young lady, who, a short time before, had eloped with him, but was pursued and overtaken by her guardian, before the marriage had taken place. At that time this young lady, who is only 18 years of age, and heiress to an estate of 5,000*l.* per annum, wrote to the Lord Chancellor, protesting that she had been carried off by the defendant contrary to her inclination, and that she never would have further intercourse with the defendant Baseley, and that he would never let her rest if he was allowed to be at large. The Lord Chancellor then gave her his assurance, that if Baseley could be found within his jurisdiction, he should be imprisoned. The defendant Baseley, however, avoided his Lordship's order, and on the 25th of May last, carried her off from the seat of her guardian, Thomas Broughton, Esq. Woodhatch, Riegate, assisted by the other defendants, viz. Simon Marie, a Frenchman, Mary Julia Marie, his wife, a native of England, and governess to Miss Wade; Margaret Ramsey, her servant, and Matthew Barrow, servant to the defendant Baseley. The marriage ceremony was performed at Gretna Green, and afterwards at Edinburgh.

After Counsel had been heard,

The Lord Chancellor said, "The defendant Baseley petitioned, but I ordered him to appear; I cannot act till he personally appears. It may be necessary to outlaw the parties. The defendant Baseley, will find the law too strong for him, if he comes in my time; if not, I have no doubt but my successor will do ample justice. He shall never get a farthing of the lady's property."

POLICE.

BOY-STREET.

On Saturday week, *Francis Harvey*, of Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, was charged with committing a violent assault on the body of *Harriet Stratford*, a girl who has just attained her sixteenth year, who was in his employ as a servant. She stated, that on Thursday the prisoner ordered her to go into the garret, where he wanted her; she accordingly went there, and after waiting some time, he entered the garret with a cord and a new birch-broom, which he had sent her to purchase for the occasion. He ordered the girl to strip, which she refused to do. He then proceeded to take off her clothes by force, and continued to do so till he had stripped her entirely naked; afterwards he tied her wrists together with the cord he had brought with him, and then tied her up by the cord to an iron staple at the top of the room, and then began to flog her with the large rod, and continued to flog her most severely for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes: the excruciating pain inflicted by such continued violence, caused her to twist and turn her body about very much, till her hands worked through the loop of the cord with which she was tied up, which caused her body to fall on the floor, the noise of which, together with the girl's cries, brought the lodgers in the house

to her assistance. The prisoner then left off his flogging.—The defence set up for this extraordinary violence, and the explanation given by the girl is, that some days since the prisoner's wife gave the girl some meat for her dinner, which had been kept till it had become so bad that she could not swallow it. Her mistress told her she should have no more victuals till she did eat it, and she kept her threat. On the following day the girl was sent out with sixpence to purchase some cat's and dog's meat; when the girl being extremely hungry, having been kept without food for such a length of time, was tempted, instead of buying the cat's and dog's meat with the sixpence, to purchase some rolls and butter for herself. On this being discovered by the prisoner, he applied to a Magistrate to prosecute the girl as a felon for stealing the sixpence, but the Magistrate refused to take up the business in such a serious manner, but observed, that he thought he had better give her a flogging and turn her out of doors, not of course suspecting that he would resort to such an outrageous act.—Harvey was ordered to find bail or be committed, and the Magistrate informed him, he should expect very good bail. Some time after, it was understood, that the prisoner had offered the girl 5*l.* to make it up, but it was said that the lodgers in the house had said, if it cost 100*l.* the prisoner should be prosecuted.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Farrell, a gentleman in the law, living at No. 10, Gray's-inn-square, attempted to put an end to his existence by throwing himself out of the window, on the pavement, being above forty feet high. The unfortunate gentleman fell on his feet with such force that both his legs were broken, and the bones drove out through his stockings, his hips dislocated, and one of his thigh bones forced into his body; the pavement was covered with his blood. The porters of the inn hastened to the spot, and immediately carried him up stairs to his apartments. Surgical aid was instantly procured.

BIRTHS.

On Monday last, at Chelsea College, the wife of Mr. Blome, of a daughter.

On Wednesday, in Queen-street, Cheapside, the wife of Mr. Stephen Jones, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Grantown, near Inverness, James Grant, Esq. Surgeon, R. N. son to James Grant, Esq. of Heathfield, to Elizabeth, daughter of Lieutenant Ross, Royal Invalids.

At Plymouth, on the 2d inst. James Haviland, Esq. Surgeon, of Bridgwater, Somerset, to Miss Haydon, sister of the eminent Artist.

On the 12th inst. at Birchington, Thanet, Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Prat, of Canterbury, to Mr. Edward Hopley, of Sturry, Surgeon.

On Monday, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Edward Du Bois, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, to Harriet, second daughter of R. C. Cresswell, Esq. of Doctors' Commons.

On Tuesday last, at Newington, Surrey, Mr. Robert Rogers, of Lambeth, to Eliza, only daughter of James Taylor, Esq. of Newington.

On the 17th inst. at St. Pancras, Joseph Hume, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, to Maria, only daughter of Harsham Bunley, Esq. of Brunswick-square.

DEATHS.

On the 11th inst. at her house on Paddington-green, Mrs. Hall, relict of Edward Hall, M.D. and daughter of the late Benjamin Crompton, Esq.

On the 7th inst. at Lichfield, aged 70, John Jackson, Esq. 45 years Secretary to his Majesty's Deputy-Lieutenants of the Hundred of Offan, Staffordshire, and Secretary to his Majesty's Commissioners of the Income, Property, and Assessed Taxes, for that part of the County of Stafford, of which he was also one of the High Constables. He died (says our Correspondent) much respected from the very active, intelligent, and independent manner in which he performed the duties of his various offices, and is succeeded by his son.

Suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy, on Saturday week, in Stratford place, Aubrey Beauclerk, Duke of St. Alban's.

On the 11th inst. the Rev. Charles Buck, Minister of the City Chapel.

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